

# THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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W. J. Richards, Commissioner



**"HE WENT AWAY SORROWFUL, FOR HE HAD GREAT POSSESSIONS"**

Is the getting of money hindering you from Obtaining Salvation or has it made you err from the faith? Be warned. Put first things first, for spiritual things are of the greatest value and you stand in danger of losing your soul if you turn away from Christ. (See pages 2 and 8.)

# What Lack I Yet?

## FOR THE SHUT-INS

Then, not to mention all of these "fear units," think of that passage, like a dripping honeycomb, in Isaiah's prophecy: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed."

And these are the *books* which  
if all the "fear nota" of the Scrip-  
ture. It is from these that, as the  
moon does from the sun, all the  
other "fear nota" borrow their  
luster. For these "fear nota" of  
Luke's Gospel burn and sparkle with  
the light of the incarnation—the  
most stupendous fact in human his-  
tory; the fact which, companioned  
with that of the resurrection, may  
sweep the various clouds of sin  
and of the skies of human thought  
and destiny.

"Oh, my comrades!—my dear Officers and Soldiers! Oh, my dear Locals! and my most dear of all Young People! Come out from among them and be separate; have no fellowship with the things of the world, but take your stand with Jesus crucified! Let the Apostle's wonderful words ring in your ears—

"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world . . . For all that is in the world . . . is not of the Father, but of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

not of His Son, Jesus. The fears of the natives made it difficult to go into contact with them; but the little scraps of talk which we gathered from the natives convinced us of the amount of tact, opened many doors and soon we were explaining our mission and our aims to the natives. Women with a view to ascertaining what they already knew about God and Jesus were able to be present at the conduct five meetings.

Never, I am sure, can the old superstitions be so easily and so persistently than for these natives. No one, only so, but quite a number of questions were put by the natives. The speaker, said: "Who is Jesus?" "What is sin?" "How can we pray?" "May we follow Jesus?" And how many more questions. We explained to them that they could, and that it was only by the purging of encumbrances from their hearts that they were in their midst. Not a single person offered to move, but one offering was taken and two had been enrolled as followers of Jesus.

How I rejoice that God has thus made it possible for us to have a glimpse of the hearts of these natives—his poor dark souls. Glory to His name!

**In a Hard Fight**  
Hagar is wandering in the wilderness of Beersheba. Ishmael, her child is with her. The place is desert, the water in the water-skin is spent. He is in hard fight. Her child's strength and her own are almost gone. Under the scorching shade of a quive desert shrub she puts her boy. He cannot endure the piteous sight. He goes away, bewailing, "Let me not see the death of the child." But voice speaks out of the desert stillness, "Fear not; for God hath heard

It was a journey full of deep inner struggle, extremely difficult and often painful. But the missionaries never lost sight of the fact that the natives were not unbalanced these things were but the result of a lack of education and a lack of knowledge of the true God. It was our duty to ascertain whether or not they were as we thought they were, and to do this we had to go to the mountains, which already had four centuries of darkness over them. The objective was gained, for we were able to ascertain that the natives were not as we had thought them to be. We were the first white men to visit the interior of the country, and the first white men to travel certain parts. Those who had never seen white men before were very curious. On three different occasions we went across bananas and other tropical fruits. On reaching two houses which were occupied by thirteen people we were horrified to find that ten of them were suffering from leprosy. To these we administered medicine.

When the natives of the district visited we gave them nothing. Carrying with them wood knives, or spears, in their hands, with their bare chests, and with their hair in long plaits, and being naked, they present a very wild appearance. In one part they still have the reputation of being human fiends.

The terribly mountainous nature of the country, the lack of roads, the epidemics and dangers. Quite often we had to climb on our hands and

feet, and always took up a great deal of time, and the flow was very strong. The river was himself a very dangerous thing, and some distance simply was a piece of cork. But for our guides, who were natives of the district, the undertaking could not have been accomplished. It was a very difficult and a very real mission which we accomplished almost every day.

Still, we had the joy of carrying out the mission of the Salvadorians, many poor, dark souls who had never, perhaps heard of it. In one of our journeys we saw a man, even heard of God Almighty. In others they had heard of God, but

not of His Son, Jesus. The fears of the Jews were so great that they refused to enter into contact with them; but little troops and salt which we carry there, combined with a certain number of soldiers, were sent, and soon we were expelling our pictures and questioning men and women from the view of the Jews, who they already knew about God and Jesus Christ. We were able to do this only by force.

Never, I am sure, can the story have been listened to more than it has been in the past, not only so, but quite a number of questions were put by them to the missionaries, and they answered them.

"What is sin?" "How can we pray?" "May we eat Jesus?" And how many other questions were asked them, that they could and that it was only for the purpose of encouraging them to follow Jesus, and that they were in their midst. Not a single person offered to move before we were permitted to enter. Many were enrolled as followers of Jesus.

"How I rejoice that God has thus permitted me to be able to tell the poor dark souls. Glory to His name!"

**THE SALVATION SOLDIER'S ARMOURY**

SOME HINTS ON LOVING Delivering the Goods HEART DISEASE

**OSHAWA**

**Blessed Series of Meetings Conducted by Adjutant and Mrs. Kendall**  
—Forty-Two Seekers for God

We have just closed one of the most successful series of revival services that has ever been held in Oshawa, that is, as far as the Army is concerned. These were conducted by our Territorial Revivalists, Adjutant and Mrs. Kendall.

Their last two meetings will long be remembered. During their visit we had forty-two out for Salvation and the blessing of Holy Spirit.

Every branch of the Corps has been called upon to make a real spiritual uplift. One of the local papers says: "Adjutant and Mrs. Kendall have been drawing great crowds at the anti-smoking lectures. They have held at the Citizens' Hall last Saturday night a mass anti-smoking service, which was well attended. They were interested not only in the smoking and singing, but in the inspiring addresses by the visitors. It was his the opening service of the anti-smoking campaign which had been organized by the Adjutant and his wife. The Adjutant and his wife were the first to give the opening service to Oshkosh on the Sunday morning. Their names will long be remembered by those who were present. The address by Mrs. Kendall, beyond doubt, has made a deep impression upon those who were privileged to hear her. The address was delivered in the form of a praise meeting, and was one of the real true sense of the word the Adjutant himself piloting. The

"Sunday night's open-air service at the Four Corners was listened to by a great and interested crowd. The

by a great and interested crowd. The music of the band and the singing were very impressive. The Citadel was filled to overflowing at the inside meeting, Mrs. (Adjutant) Kentall speaking upon the promises of God, basing her remarks upon the fact that God was not slack concerning His promises.

"A very noticeable feature of all our meetings has been the interest and the crowds which have attended all the services. Monday night's service was well attended. At this service, and also the Sunday meetings, several came forward expressing their desire to live the Christian life."

The Harvest Festival services were conducted for the week-end, September 25 and 26, by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Myers. The large

selection of vegetables and fruit which decorated the Citadel largely contributed to make the Harvest Festival the most successful and pleasing of any that have yet been

The Staff-Captain's discouragement throughout the week-end were of a stirring character. He also rendered many illustrations which came from him in his own work amongst the prisoners.

The Band and Songsters rendered a special harvest music and singings, open-air attendances were splendid. On the Saturday night there were fifty-two comrades present.

The Staff-Captain gave a very helpful and instructive address to the children in the afternoon. Things are well in every branch of the Corps, under the leadership of the Officers, Adjutants and Mrs.

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BY ADJUTANT JOSEPH REBCROFT, QU

**I**F I was asked, how does the Sal- like the unpro-

do it maintain that success? I would answer, because it has continually produced and delivered the goods, and through hard work and steady plodding has gained the confidence of the whole civilized world.

**Come and Help**

Nations of the world are look-

ing toward us. They are sending forth the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us!" Why is it? Have

not the methods of the Salvation Army appealed to the people? Yes, but not only that. The goods have been produced and delivered on time. Our glorified General once said, "For God's sake, do something." We found something to do, and, to the glory of God, we did it, and we must keep on doing it.

to do, no matter what our position or circumstances may be. No Officer or Soldier, of whatever rank, can be excused of this responsibility, whether our Corps be large or small, in town or city. Christ's mission on earth must be fulfilled, the lost must be found, the sick visited, the hungry fed, the motherless protected, etc. What town or city has a right to say we do not do? Preaching a fine sermon from the pulpit, and putting up a good talk from the platform may be all right, but if it is not followed up with visits to the lame and sheep it only amounts to a splendid dress and tinkling cymbals."

The Salvationist is a producer. Your spiritual  
upon your usefulness  
dom of God. The

Keep that in mind. If we consume without producing we are in the category of the drone, and the drone is bound to be detected sooner or later. He will either drop out or get pushed out. He may "get away with it" for a time, but he will not be able to stand the pressure, and, ed only to the p are required, not tion scout, and d day. Let us "g continuous onals of sin and dark shall come in reja sheaves with us.

<p>GO TELL THY FRIENDS.</p>	
<p>Go tell thy friends what God has done, His grace to thee proclaiming; That for such mercy every one May keep His altar flaming; No chain to bind thee needed now;</p>	<p>Go tell thy friends Wellnigh their ing When thou didst shun, Life's purer path Go tell to them</p>

One word was by him spoken,  
The crown's replaced upon thy brow,  
And every feather broken.

Thou hadst thy dwelling with the  
No hand could bind or tame thee;  
Thy doerect ones in terror thou,  
Nor love nor pride could shame  
thee.

But now to thine own self restored,  
Gladly with faith's warmest strains,  
Thou knowest who of thee is Lord,  
And at His feet art sitting.

Well may'st thou  
Have Jesus simply  
To read such  
Go tell thy friends  
done!  
Such a Cup of  
What glorious tri  
Or thee what g  
That they the won  
To match from  
That may be  
then  
The Cup of H

**I.—Heart Disease is a Dead  
Malady.**

Army has made an  
mission on this old  
"because it has  
old slogan, "Some-  
something done."  
not all who say  
are going to win  
of Heaven, but  
will of God."

up; he is always  
arts damning souls  
a New Year's Day.

IV.—But God can take it clean ew

SONGS IN THE STORM.

gone to our rooms, but I said, "Don't let us go to bed yet; get the guitar, and we will sing while the storm lasts." So we sat and sang

liance depends  
ness in the King-  
reward is promis-

this morning to give myself to  
 God."  
 Needless to say, he was taken in  
 We prayed with him until he found  
 a pardoning God, and promised to  
 love and serve Him.  
 As I write this the boys are  
 marching past our Hut, on their  
 way back to camp after a tour of

YOURS FOR THE ASKING.

Lincoln's proclamation of amnesty to the Confederates was issued regardless of their desire for it. Some held out for years. Some never accepted it. But it was there for the asking all the time. So with God's grace.



# ADrift IN MID-OCEAN

"They that go down to the sea in ships, do but business in great waters; these are the words of the Lord and His wonders in the sea. . . . Then are they glad because they are quiet; so He brought them into their desired haven."

A Story of a Terrible Experience at Sea and of Deliverance from Great Peril as Related by a Sea Captain to a Salvation Army Officer.

It was at the close of the evening meal in the house of a sea captain in a small Nova Scotia town, and a Salvation Army Officer, who was billeted there for the week-end, opened the Bible, which the skipper's good wife had handed him, and commenced to read the 107th Psalm, which contains the verses quoted above.

"I suppose you have had many an experience like that, Captain," and the Officer as he closed the book.

Dependant on God.

"Yes, my lad," replied the old sea dog, "that is a common experience with those who sail the oceans. Truly we see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. When the waves are rolling mountains high, and the old ship is being tossed about like a cork, we realize that helpless is man, and how dependant he is on his Heavenly Father. Many a storm have I weathered by the grace of God, and I have found special cause for thankfulness to Him that I survived my last voyage, and that He brought me to this 'desired haven,' as the good Book says. See those old boots—in the corner."

"Yes," replied the Officer, "they look a bit worn, don't they?"

"They weren't worn by walking, lad," said the captain, "I started to eat 'em."

"You must have been awful hungry," said the Officer, "I guess there is an interesting story behind your statement. Will you relate it to me?"

The captain consented, and this is the story he told:

It was during the war period that the schooner "Gypsum Empress," of 723 tons register, cleared from Pensacola, Florida, with a cargo of pitch pine and resin. She was bound for Genoa, in Italy.

Fairly good progress was made down the Gulf of Mexico and through the Florida Channel into the Atlantic. The course was then set northward till the Bermudas were sighted, after which the vessel was headed in the direction of the Western Isles, which is the sailors' name for the Azores. The crew consisted of five foreign sailors, a negro cook, and a Norwegian mate by the name of Olson.

Crashed Into Obstacle.

A day or two after passing the Bermudas very bad weather was encountered, and one night, when the waves were running mountain high, the schooner crashed heavily into some obstacle, probably the floating wreckage of some vessel. It soon dawned upon the captain that the ship was badly damaged, for the depth of water in the hold kept increasing in a rapid and alarming investigation it was discovered that a big hole had been stove in her bow, and she was taking in water.

The captain ordered the pumps to be started at once, and sent two men forward to try and plug the leak by means of canvas and timber. In the meantime, however, the ship sank lower and lower, fully realizing their desperate plight, all hands toiled stren-

uously for four days and nights to try and keep the vessel in a sea worthy condition. All their efforts proved unavailing, however, and at last they had to confess themselves completely beaten. The "Gypsum Empress," by this time, was nothing but a water-logged hulk, at the mercy of the waves, and only the nature of her cargo prevented her from going under altogether.

The captain reluctantly came to the conclusion that there was nothing else to do but to take to the boat and try to make the nearest land. Previous to this, according to me for a long trip,

till a good chance offered to get aboard, the schooner again and fire her. He pointed out that the glare might attract some vessel—to the spot, in which case, they would possibly be picked up.

Set Out For Land.

The men grumblingly acquiesced to this, and for two days they kept in sight of the wreck, but the continued stormy weather made it impossible to approach it. In the great danger of being capsized or smashed to pieces. On the third day, therefore, the captain, fearing to waste time and imperil their chances of reaching land, ordered sail to be hoisted, and set his course for the island of Flores in the Azores, which he judged to be less than a thousand miles away. The Bermudas were really the nearest land, but the prevailing winds did not blow in that direction, and the captain reckoned that he had a better chance of making the Azores. The lieutenant had to be a sea anchor to keep the boat head on to the waves, so they had to manœuvre with sails. He had a long and trying journey lay before them they well knew, but they consoled themselves with the fact that they were well clothed and provisioned, and that they ought to make land in a fairly reasonable time. Besides, there was the possibility that the boat would be picked up by a passing vessel, so they took their misfortune cheerfully, as most sailors do, and prepared to make the best of a bad job.

But this was only the beginning of their troubles. That day the wind increased in violence and the waves grew higher and more threatening. The crowding catastrophe occurred late in the evening, when a giant combur struck the boat sideways and completely capsized it. The captain, the mate, and two sailors were thrown several feet away, the others being caught under the boat and drowned. All four survivors managed to stick back to the overturned boat, minus most of their clothing, which they had cast off in their struggle with the waves. They clung desperately to the wreck, the angry waves threatening to wash them off again every minute.

Got Her Righted.

"We must try and get her righted, lads," shouted the captain, "it's our only chance."

All getting on one side, they worked for twenty minutes, and when a wave lifted the boat, they all bore down together, and succeeded in getting her right side up. But she was filled with water, of course, and the only thing that prevented her foundering was two water-tight compartments in the bow.

"How are we going to bale her out?" asked the mate.

It was indeed a problem, but luck was on their side. A gasoline tin had got caught under the hull, that covered the bow, and this saved the situation. Before long the water was baled out, and the men began to search around for what remained of the provisions. Everything would have

gone but for the canvas covering. Under this was found a tin of condensed milk, three or four tins of jam, and best of all, a small keg of water.

Doing Out Provisions.

Imagine the position of these four men, a thousand miles from land, in an open boat, poorly clad, and with such scant provision. All of them realized the stern necessity of preserving what little food they had as long as possible, and they readily felt in line with the Captain's suggestion that they should fast as long as they could stand it. All the provisions were given into his care, and he undertook to dole them out in equal portions when the time came. For two days not one of them tasted a morsel of food, though each had a small daily allowance of water. The tin of milk was then opened, and the famished men shared its contents, scraping the sides and bottom for the very last scrap. Next day they fasted again. Then the jam was divided out, and finally the peas, each man receiving six of his share per meal. At length there was absolutely nothing left to eat, and they were nearly hundreds of miles from land.

During this period three steamers had been sighted at different times, but the captain, fearing the vessels might be below the horizon, the pangs of hunger now came upon them with full force, and had the chance of making the Azores. The lieutenant had to be a sea anchor to keep the boat head on to the waves, so they had to manœuvre with sails. He had a long and trying journey lay before them they well knew, but they consoled themselves with the fact that they were well clothed and provisioned, and that they ought to make land in a fairly reasonable time. Besides, there was the possibility that the boat would be picked up by a passing vessel, so they took their misfortune cheerfully, as most sailors do, and prepared to make the best of a bad job.

Four Small Crabs.

One day a piece of driftwood was picked up, on the underside of which were four small crabs.

"Here's a meal supply for us, boys," shouted the mate.

All the men rushed to secure the crabs before they scuttled overboard. They crammed them into their mouths alive, regardless of shells and claws.

"I never enjoyed a crab so much before," said the Captain. "It was a fine, juicy tilt-bit."

One of the men, however—a Russian—was a bit too slow, and the crab bit first. In spite of the desperate situation they were in, all the men declared they tasted quite good. Ivan uttered a loud "Ouch" as the mollusc nipped his tongue.

Olson, the mate, observed that they visited Musgrave town, the Outpost Sergeant-Major, Henry Pike, being away from home, few folk were gathered and we had a good time. After the meeting we hastened back to Musgrave town for the night meeting, and in spite of it being a wet evening, a good crowd came along.

We finished up at night with three souls at the Cross—D.F.L.

GRIQUET.

We have said good-bye to Lieutenant Winsor, after a short stay with us. Harvest Festival was a record this year. Twenty-three souls have sought Salvation. Recently, task in disgust. It was tantalizing in the extreme to the four starving men to see food so plentifully laid out, and then, but just beyond their reach.

PROMOTED TO GLORY.

Sister Mrs. Anstey, Grand Bank.

Our sister was a sufferer for over eight years. There were times when she could get along to the meetings, and she was always able to give a good clear testimony of deliverance from sin. Adjutant Gunning, in company with Captain Elliott, visited Sister Anstey a few hours before she passed away, and although suffering terribly she had the assurance that all was well with her soul. A very large crowd of people attended the funeral, and the night of the memorial service one soul claimed pardon. Our sympathy is extended to Brother Anstey and family.

Sister Mrs. Trimm, Grand Bank.

Another old Soldier of this Corps has gone to rest eternal reward, in the person of Mrs. Elizabeth Trimm. She died on June 21. For the last few weeks of her life she was very ill, but the home call came very unexpectedly. Our comrade will be greatly missed in the Junior Corps, where she was a Company Guard.

"Grandma" Riggs, Grand Bank.

The chariot lowered on June 6 and took us to "Grandma" Riggs, an old and faithful warrior. She was 84 years of age. The greater part of her life had been spent in service to God, as she was converted when nine years old.

She was ever ready to lend a helping hand to the men in trouble. In her last testimony she told us that all was well with her soul. A memorial service was conducted on Sunday night by Commandant Price, and six souls surrendered.

MUSGRAVETOWN.

Adjutant and Mrs. Jones have arrived back at this Corps for another year, and have brought with them a helper, in the person of Lieutenant Pilgrim. On Sunday, September 26, they visited Musgrave town, the Outpost Sergeant-Major, Henry Pike, being away from home, few folk were gathered and we had a good time. After the meeting we hastened back to Musgrave town for the night meeting, and in spite of it being a wet evening, a good crowd came along.

Officers all over the Territory are now beginning to arrange for their Harvest Festival efforts, and already we hear good news of victories. Bishop's Falls, under the leadership of Adjutant and Mrs. Jones, will be the first Corps to send in its target in full. Congratulations, comrades.

Captain Leonard Burdick, New Chelsea, has had a very bad attack of pleurisy, but at the time of writing he is around again. Ensign Porter, of Hants' Harbour, went over and conducted the Sunday evening meeting, and had a grand time. Three souls sought Salvation.

Delays are not refused; many a prayer is registered in Heaven, and underneath it the words, "My time is not yet come." God's infinite wisdom, power, and love all act together.

Commandant and Mrs. Hiseock, Grand Falls, spent their furlough

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## Territorial Notes

Colonel Martin on Tour—Chancellor Conducts Welcome to New Cadets—Meetings with Prisoners

The Territorial Commander, Colonel Martin, is away on tour, and to date has made every appointment on scheduled time, which is a very unusual thing in Newfoundland, where transportation is so difficult.

No doubt the Officers in some of these out-of-the-way Corps will be cheered by getting a visit also the noble teachers, as the Colonel has combined a school inspection with his visits to the various Corps.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Thompson, in the absence of the Territorial Commander, conducted the welcome meeting of the new Cadets on Friday evening, at St. John's I. Some very interesting testimonies were given, and the new Cadets took the platform as his turn came to speak.

Adjutant and Mrs. Earle have returned from their furlough, and with the men Cadets, led a glorious tour on Sunday, with four souls in the fountain.

Adjutant R. Sainsbury, with the women Cadets, assisted Adjutant and Mrs. Tuck at No. II. Corps, and conducted a very interesting service with the new Cadets. They finished up with seven souls at the Cross.

The men Cadets, who are always responsible for the Monday evening meeting at No. I., had a wonderful time at their first meeting, with five souls at the Cross.

An old and tried comrade of Cariboo Corps, in the person of Brother "Stee" Pike called in at the Territorial Headquarters this week. He is in the city making preparation for his 17-year-old son, Herbert, to enter college. The lad was a scholar in the Army Day School, and this year won a scholarship which entitles him to a term at College. His daughter, Muriel, also passed the preliminary. Well done, Herbert and Muriel.

Probationary Captain and Mrs. Edgar, St. Anthony, who took charge of this far-north Corps at the St. John's Congress, report fourteen new recruits in the Harvest Festival since going there. At present we have no Day School here, but the people are asking for one.

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## HOME LEAGUE MEETING

Presided Over by Mrs. Colonel Martin at St. John's II.

Mrs. Colonel Martin, the Territorial Home League Secretary, presided at a very interesting Home League meeting at St. John's II, Citadel on Wednesday evening last. After prayer by Mrs. Staff-Captain Thompson, the Leader, Mrs. Martin explained the purpose of the Home League, and then started off with the programme. The new Cadets did well with a song.

Adjutant Moulton both gave readings of great interest. Assisted by two Juniors, "Love in the Home," had a nice effect upon the audience. The club singing by Sister Hewitt, who was accompanied in the concert by Bandmaster Frank Moulton and the concertina by Adjutant Tuck, was the "hit" of the evening.

Dear old Mother Ferron, over seventy years of age, the oldest member of the Home League, recited several verses of a beautiful poem. The audience was deeply stirred, and applauded in a most hearty manner.

Special praise should be given to Bandmaster Moore and his Band for their attendance and playing.

## FAMISH COVE.

Father and Son Kneel at Mercy—Seat and Find Salvation.

We are having great times here. Since the arrival of Lieutenant Burt, on August 14, we have had the joy of seeing nine souls kneel at the mercy-seat and claim pardon. On Sunday night, September 26, we had a real stirring scene. One young man went out of the meeting, and others with him, his father being one of the number, but shortly after we saw the door open and his sinful father leading him up through the Hall to the mercy-seat. His father then went and sat in his seat, under very deep conviction, but when his son had claimed forgiveness for his sins, and had led his father to Jesus as well.

So we had the joy of seeing the father and the son leading the father. Oh, what a glorious sight. And another young lad who has been under conviction for a long time sweetened the number to three. It is glorious to know that God is with us, and if He is with us, we are sure to win the victory.

There is much conviction here among the people, and we are believing in a real outpouring of His Holy Spirit this autumn—D.

His CALL TO SERVICE.

Gideon Ouseley, who passed like a flood of holy fire through Ireland, and preached the Gospel, told us how he got his call. The voice said, "Gideon, go and preach the Gospel, for I have called thee." "Oh, yes, Lord, I do," and he went to the Lord. "I cannot speak, for I am a child." "Do you know the disease?" "Oh, yes, Lord, I do." "And do you know the cure?" "I've tried it do," "Go then and tell them these two things: the disease and the cure. All the rest is nothing but talk."



of life are best—  
 old—  
 at God's hehest  
 n Bread—  
 rief and tears,  
 pain,  
 or angel cars,  
 deemed reign,



Spiritualism in words which we consider well worth preserving. "Its teachers are concerned rather to live on rather than to live well. Sir Conan Doyle tells us that Spiritualism destroys the fear of death. He does not say that it creates a fear of sin. He has labelled Jesus a medium, but forgets that He is a mediator. Spiritualism seeks communion with all sorts of people, except with Jesus Christ. . . . It is a superstitious thing which does not carry the dynamic of a transformed and transfigured





# GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH

WILL CONDUCT THE

## 38th Canadian Annual Congress in TORONTO

**OCTOBER 29th TO NOVEMBER 4th, 1920**

Accompanied by Commissioners **LAMB, LAWLEY, and RICHARDS**

### Programme of Events

Friday, October 29th—Young People's Meeting  
—Temple - - - 7.30 p.m.

Saturday, October 30th—Great March from  
Queen's Park - - - 3 p.m.

Civic Reception at City Hall - 4 p.m.

Soldiers' and ex-Soldiers' Meeting in  
the Massey Hall - 7.30 p.m.

Sunday, October 31st—Three Great  
Meetings in the Massey Hall

10.30 a.m.—For Officers and Soldiers

3 p.m.—The General will lecture on  
"The Salvation Army"

7 p.m.—Salvation Meeting

Monday, November 1st—Missionary Demonstration—in Cooke's Church - - - 8 p.m.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, November 2nd, 3rd and 4th - - - Officers' Councils

## OTTAWA

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 26—Civic  
Reception—City Hall, 12 noon

Lecture: "THE SALVATION ARMY"  
IN THE

Dominion Methodist Church, 8 p.m.

UNDER THE PRESIDENCY OF

**THE GOVERNOR GENERAL**

His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire,  
K.C., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., P.C., etc.

## MONTREAL

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27—  
Civic Reception—Phillips Square, 7 p.m.  
Soldiers' and ex-Soldiers' Meeting, Citadel,  
University Street, 8 p.m.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28

Lecture: "LESSONS FROM MY FATHER'S LIFE"

In St. James Church, 8 p.m.

UNDER THE PRESIDENCY OF

**SIR FREDERICK WILLIAMS - TAYLOR**